

## Impressions of Nebraska.

I have delayed writing my impressions of Nebraska thus long, partly from lack of time, partly because I wanted to wait until I knew more of the country, but more especially from neglect. I shall not apologize, but proceed to business. First of all I want it understood that I am not writing in the interest of any R. R. or Land Company, and that I am not trying to get up a boom for this country, but that I am writing my honest convictions of Nebraska as I find her. A great many of my friends inquire about this country, and as it would take too long to answer them personally, I shall let them all read at once what I have to say. I like Nebraska better than any other country I have ever seen for the following reasons: The country is level, but yet not so level as to be monotonous or unhealthy. We have good roads almost the year round, and if they get muddy, which is seldom, even in the winter, they remain so only two or three days until they are dry and hard and smooth again. And then such roads as we have are practically unknown in the east. The people here so seldom have a horse shod that I have almost forgotten how it looks. They do not have them shod because there is no need of it here. The roads are so smooth and hard that the horses' hoofs ring upon them like striking a pavement. I have never seen a stone in the road since I have been in the state, and there are but few breakers. The people here are reckless drivers, which, by the way, just suits me. When they go anywhere they drive mile after mile in a fast trot and sometimes even as fast as the horse can run, as Bro. Yoder can testify.

The soil is good, the climate is healthful, and I have never seen better water anywhere. The people, with exceptions of course, are warm-hearted, sociable, intelligent and thrifty. They have better houses and live better than the same classes of people in the east. About the strangest thing a man sees upon coming here is mile after mile of grain fields without any fences. They do not fence to keep stock out, but to keep it in. The other evening while taking a drive, I glanced around me and far as I could see in every direction was acre after acre of waving corn and not a fence in sight. We have a blizzard once in a while, but they are nothing to the terrible snow and hail storms and floods that they have been having back in old Pennsylvania since I left there. I have seen Nebraska at her best and at her worst, and as I breathe the pure, fresh, invigorating air that expands the lungs and sends the blood rushing and tingling through every fibre of a man's being. My candid opinion is that this is the best country I have ever seen. The winds sometimes blow hard? Yes, but as I stand upon the broad, beautiful prairies and bare my brow to the cooling blast, I cry in ecstasy:

"Blow, ye stormy winds,  
In your fierce fury blow,  
Beyond this wild and angry gale  
Soft sunshine lies, I know.  
And this but purifies the air  
And drives away the seeds of death,  
It bears to my expanded lungs  
Sweet life in every breath."

And then I think what a striking figure of life, for

"On all of us, I know,  
Some rough winds blow."

But for some of us life seems to have been bred in storm and brought forth in tempest. As the wild storms of temptation, affliction and persecution beat upon us, lashing the sea of life into wild fury and sending the seething waves hissing and roaring in their eager desire to overwhelm us. Happy are we, if, by the grace of God, we can bare our brow to the blast and look upward with the eye of faith toward the storm embattled heavens until our spirits mount upward through tempest-tossed billows, through black, lowering, encircling clouds, through mist, through darkness through uncertainty, until we behold the soft sunshine, the glorious beauty, and the everlasting peace of that heavenly land toward which we are journeying. As the storms of life beat upon us, may we, trusting in the promise of God, cry

"Blow ye angry winds,  
In your fierce fury blow,  
Beyond this rough and stormy world  
There's peace and joy, I know."

These storms that beat upon us here,  
Are sent to make us pure and strong,  
To fit my soul, when storms are past,  
To sit among the heavenly throng.  
To keep my mind from this vain world  
That lies, with all its pleasure sweet,  
And all its cool and grateful shade,  
So near my weary wayworn feet.  
To teach me life is but a span  
Made up of pleasure, pain and grief,  
The pain and sorrow long and sharp,  
The pleasure poor and brief.  
So help my soul, on eagle's wings,  
To mount beyond the stormy sky,  
And with the eye of faith behold  
What waits me by and by.  
The heavenly harbor, safe and sure,  
Where my poor, weary, storm-tossed soul  
May rest where tempests never rage,  
Where angry billows never roll.  
My glorious Saviour, good and kind,  
Who waits to take me by the hand,  
While bursts a sweet, triumphant song  
From Heaven's attending band.  
Up till I tread the streets of gold,  
And see the white-robed angel throng,  
And hear the sweet, low strains of Heaven,  
That rise and fall in angel's song.  
And as the tears stream down my cheeks,  
To hear a voice say soft and low,  
"Weep not, my weary child, weep not,  
You've left all sorrow down below."  
And then a touch so full of love,  
Falls on my weary, aching eyes,  
To brush away the falling tears,  
And fill my heart with glad surprise.  
While bursts from all of Heaven's throng  
And rings through all the vaulted skies,  
"And God himself shall wipe away  
All tears from out their eyes." Rev. 21:4.  
So help me Lord, that while I live  
This thought may ever with me dwell,  
Whatever storms upon me beat,  
"Thou doest all things well."

GEO. W. DEBOLT.

Carleton, Neb., July 18, 1888.

## What I Believe.

I believe in the unity of the church of Christ as amplified in his (Christ's) High Priestly prayer, John the 17th chapter.

2. I believe that such unity can only be obtained by a receiving and adhering to the words of our Savior as did those immediately embraced in the petition, John 17:8. I believe that Christ in order to unify the people chose certain ones and prepared them by his own teaching and examples. I believe that those who were thus prepared were the church to which the three thousand were added to on the day of Pentecost. I believe that the doctrine then and there preached by the Apostle Peter, to which about three thousand assented, received and obeyed and were thus made members of the church, is the doctrine that must still be preached, believed and obeyed in all of its fullness in order to constitute us legal members of Christ's church. I believe that the doctrine then and there preached was the genuine Word of God, echoed by the Apostle Peter. I believe that the church today dare not go farther than echo the voice of God, in gaining converts to its fold. I believe that the word echoed by the apostle included—

1. Faith in God;
2. Repentance of sins;
3. Faith in Christ, as the Savior of the world;
4. Baptism in the name of Jesus Christ, is to onoma, means by the command of Christ, which would be into the name (not names) of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Matt. 28:19. I further believe that the apostles taught them to observe all things that the Savior commanded them, the apostles to observe.

I believe that on Thursday evening, prior to his resurrection that he ate a supper in an upper room at a house in the city of Jerusalem, and that supper was not the regular paschal supper at which the lamb was to be eaten; but was prior to the regular time of eating the paschal supper. John 18:28. I believe that supper which consisted of a full meal (not a lunch) constitutes the Lord's supper and was observed by the apostles and primitive Christians, for the first three hundred years of the Christian era, as explained by every standard cyclopedia and unabridged Dictionary in the English language. See article *agape*. I further believe that a few crackers with a little dried beef and cheese, no more, constitute the Lord's *diepnon* (supper) than a few drops of water sprinkled on the head of the candidate constitutes the Lord's *baptizo* (baptism) that if the

proper fulfilling of the word *baptizo*, requires water enough to immerse a man, that, according to the books, the word *diepnon*, with as much certainty requires food enough to constitute a full supper.

I further believe that our Savior prior to the eating of this supper, but in connection with it, rose from the table upon which it was spread and took a towel and girded himself, after which he poured water in a basin, began and washed his disciples feet. I believe that our Savior in his great commission made the observance of this ordinance binding upon all who believed in him through the teaching of the apostles. I believe in a perpetuation of the eucharist. I believe in the salutation of the kiss of charity; I believe it to be the duty of the sick to call the elders of the church and receive the anointing of oil in the name of the Lord according to the general epistle of James; and, while I believe in local church government, I further believe it has a limit and has no more right to abrogate one of the principals which constitutes the general basis of unity than a single state of the United States has to multiply any article of the constitution of the United States.

I further believe that our good old brother P. J. Brown, voiced the sentiments of a large majority of our brotherhood in current Vol. 27, and 29 of the EVANGELIST.

J. W. FITZGERALD.

## How a Quarrel Ended.

An excellent method of dealing with a vituperative enemy was recently described by Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., of Richmond, Va. He states that two friends had a misunderstanding which developed into a quarrel. Both were Christian men, and there was general regret over the affair in the religious community. At length, one of them heard that the other was talking against him, and he went to him and said: "Will you be kind enough to tell me my faults to my face, that I may profit by your Christian candor, and try to get rid of them?" "Yes sir," said the other, "I will do it." They went aside, and the man who had made the request said: "Before you commence telling me what you think wrong in me, will you please kneel down with me, and let us pray over it, that my eyes may be opened to see my faults as you will tell them. You lead in the prayer." It was done, and when the prayer was over, the man who had sought the interview, said, "Now proceed with what you have to complain of in me." But the other replied: "After praying over it it looks so little that it is not worth talking about. The truth is, I feel now that in going around talking against you, I have been serving the devil myself, and have need that you pray for me, and forgive me the wrong I have done you." How many a quarrel that causes scandal in the church might be settled, if the injunction of the Great Teacher (Matt. 18:15) were thus similarly obeyed!

An ounce of generous praise will do more to make a man your friend than a pound of fault.

## OUR DEAD.

By request of the bereaved family it becomes my painful duty to chronicle the solemn fact that sister Mary E., wife of Elder J. A. Ridenour has crossed the mystic stream. Her maiden name was Buckled. She was born in W. Va., in the year of 1843. Subsequently moved to Montgomery Co., Ohio. She was in ordinary health to almost the end. On the 12th day of July she was somewhat indisposed, yet worked during most of the day. About 11 o'clock at night she called to her husband and said she was dying. They got her up and into a chair, her heart palpitating in an alarming manner. One of the boys was ordered to bring a doctor, but before he got started she said, "good by, I am going," and the spirit fled to the unseen world. Aged 45 years and 10 days.

Sister Ridenour from her own choice remained in the fellowship of the German Baptist church, but she was not ultra in her views, and always treated the Brethren with the respect due from one Christian to another. She was a special friend of mine, and always treated us as a sister. She had the principal care of a large family; was an industrious and kind mother. I think it can be truly said of her, "she did what she could." All the older children (six in number) are members of the Brethren church at Bear Creek, my old charge, and they all, with the father and younger children, have the sympathies of the entire community.

Funeral services conducted by Elders George and Jacob Holler. (Gospel Messenger please copy.)

P. J. BROWN.

Near the Holler church, Montgomery Co., Ohio, July 22nd, '88, Harry L. Raymer, grand-son of Bro. David Shank, aged 5 months and 16 days. Thus passed away the lovely flower.

Funeral in the Holler G. B. church, by the undersigned, assisted by Elder George Holler.

P. J. BROWN.